Ione is as good as my Lady.

To the tune of What care I how faire she be.

Shall I here rehearse the story
Of a Woman in her Glory,
You have heard how Euah came
Into the world, the first faire Dame,
She was naked had no clothing,
yet she did deserue no loathing:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

What care I for slikes aray
That but glistereth in the day,
Each one Saint deserues as much,
That's to heare, to taste, to touch,
Gentle Ioane may be as faire
as a rich mans onely heire,
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ione can call by name her Cowes,
And deck her windows with green bowes
She can wreathes and Cuffes make,
And decke with plumbes a Bridale Cake,
Is not Ioane a House wife then
Iudge true hearted honest men:
Then good friend I say to thee
Ioane is as good as my Lady.

Ioane can bake and Ioane can brew,
And to giue sweet Ioane her due,
Any thing that longs to man,
Ioane will doe it if she can,
she will seeke all sorts to please,
and lone no idlenesse or ease:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ioane can spin and Ioane can card,
Ioan keepes cleane both house and yard,
She can dresse both flesh and fish,
Or any thing that you can wish:
she can sow and she can knit,
Ioane for any thing is fit:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ioane is of a lonely browne,
Neate as any in the Towne:
Heaire as blacke as any Crow,
And doth nimbly trip and goe,
slender waste, and fingers long,
rowling eye and nimble tongue:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ione is as good as my Lady.

To the tune of What care I how faire she be.

Shall I here rehearse the story
Of a Woman in her Glory,
You have heard how Euah came
Into the world, the first faire Dame,
She was naked had no clothing,
yet she did deserue no loathing:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

What care I for slikes aray
That but glistereth in the day,
Each one Saint deserues as much,
That's to heare, to taste, to touch,
Gentle Ioane may be as faire
as a rich mans onely heire,
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ione can call by name her Cowes,
And deck her windows with green bowes
She can wreathes and Cuffes make,
And decke with plumbes a Bridale Cake,
Is not Ioane a House wife then
Iudge true hearted honest men:
Then good friend I say to thee
Ioane is as good as my Lady.

Ioane can bake and Ioane can brew,
And to giue sweet Ioane her due,
Any thing that longs to man,
Ioane will doe it if she can,
she will seeke all sorts to please,
and lone no idlenesse or ease:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ioane can spin and Ioane can card,
Ioan keepes cleane both house and yard,
She can dresse both flesh and fish,
Or any thing that you can wish:
she can sow and she can knit,
Ioane for any thing is fit:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Ioane is of a lonely browne,
Neate as any in the Towne:
Heaire as blacke as any Crow,
And doth nimbly trip and goe,
slender waste, and fingers long,
rowling eye and nimble tongue:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

The ſecond Part. to the ſame tune.

Ioane is ſkipping like a Fawne
In a pleaſant verdure Lawne.
When ſhe pipes at Barley-breake,
She of all doth giue the ſqueake:
Ioane can daunce a Scottiſh Fegge
And doth nimbly play the rigge:
then good friend I ſay to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

When the young men of the Towne
Giues the Maidens a greene Gowne,
Ioane hath kiſſes more then they,
And doth beare the Bell away
Still the garland ſhe doth winne
for her daunting cricke and trimme:
then good friend I ſay to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

All the Youthes of our Townes end
Striue to make ſweet Ioane their friend,
Some giues Purſes, ſome giues Rings,
With Bracelets, Birdles, & ſuch things,
happy is their houre and time
who can gine ſweet Ioane the wine:
then good friend I ſay to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Put her on a Silken [illegible]owne,
Theres no Lady in the [illegible]owne,
But with her ſhe may compare,
And is euery way as faire,
painted clothes the body shape,
making them phantaſtike Apes:
then good friend I ſay to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

Shepheards Swaines admires her note,
When ſhe ſtraineth but her throate,
Then they throw their Pipes away,
Hoping Ioane hath got the day,
they ioyne hands and daunce a ring,
and this is all the long they ſing,
we conclude, and all agree,
Ioanes as goodes my Ladye.

FINIS.

Printed at London by A.M.